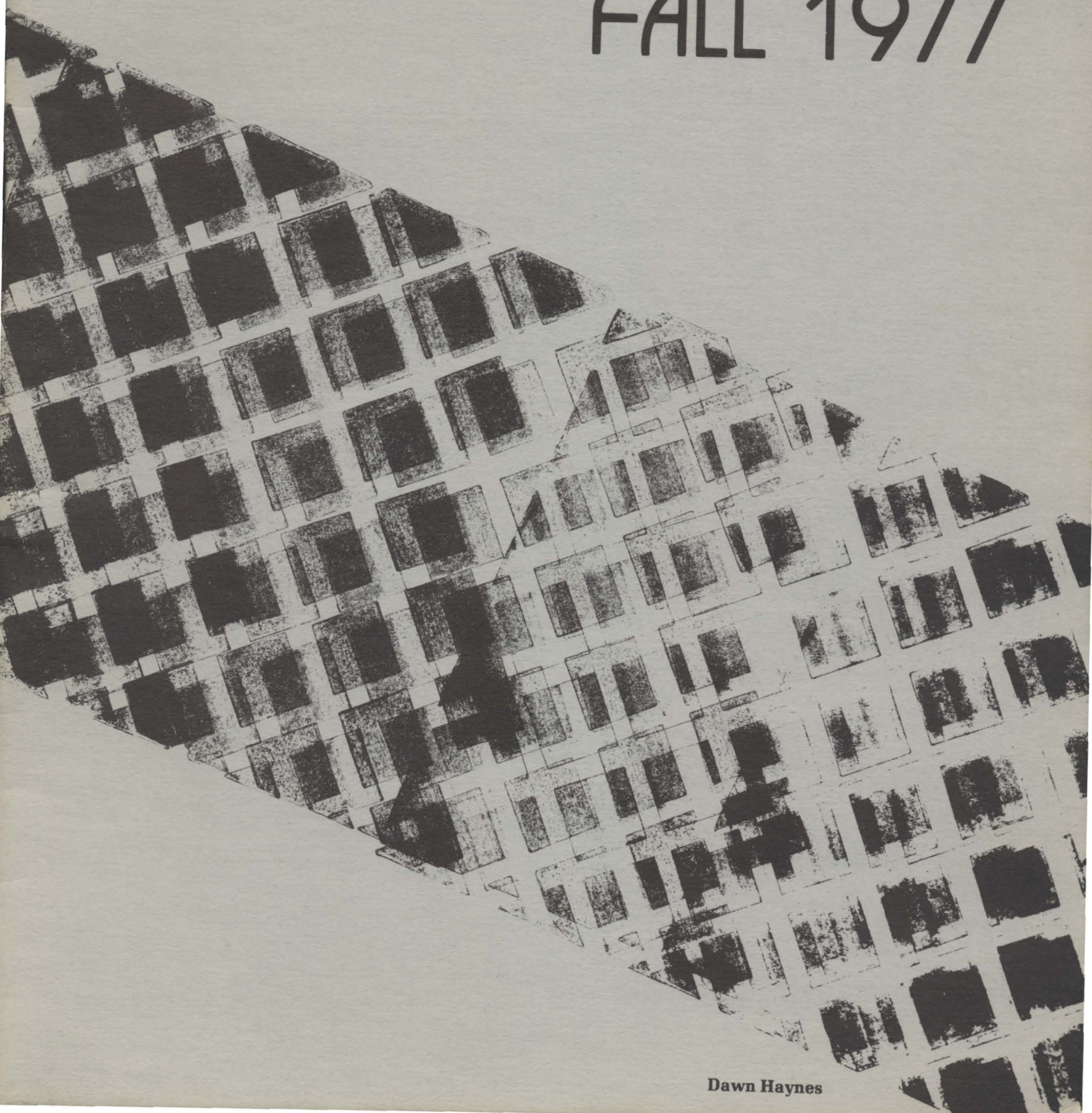


NEW ALFRED REVIEW

FALL 1977



Dawn Haynes

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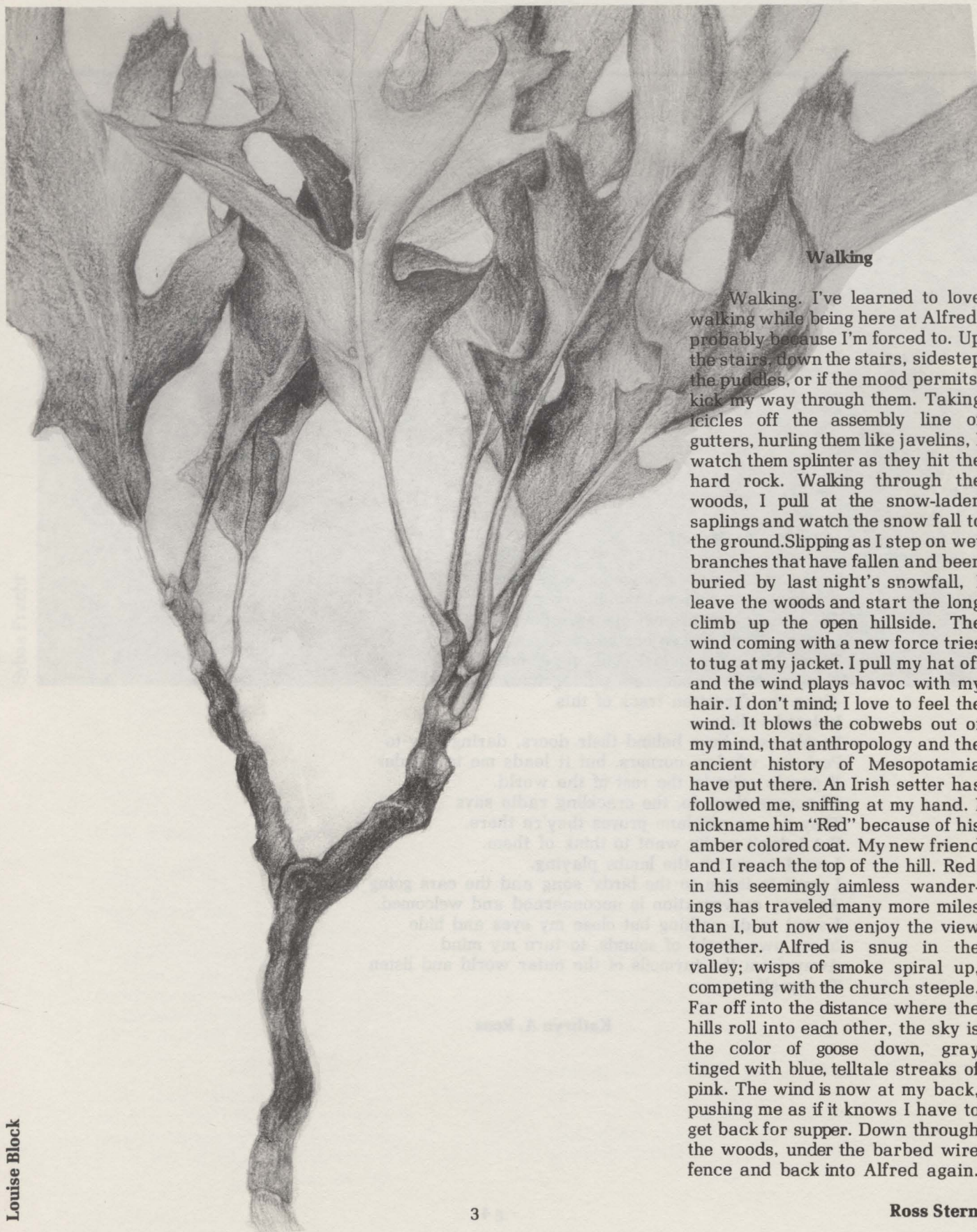
Special thanks to Tim Porter

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Andy Baxter



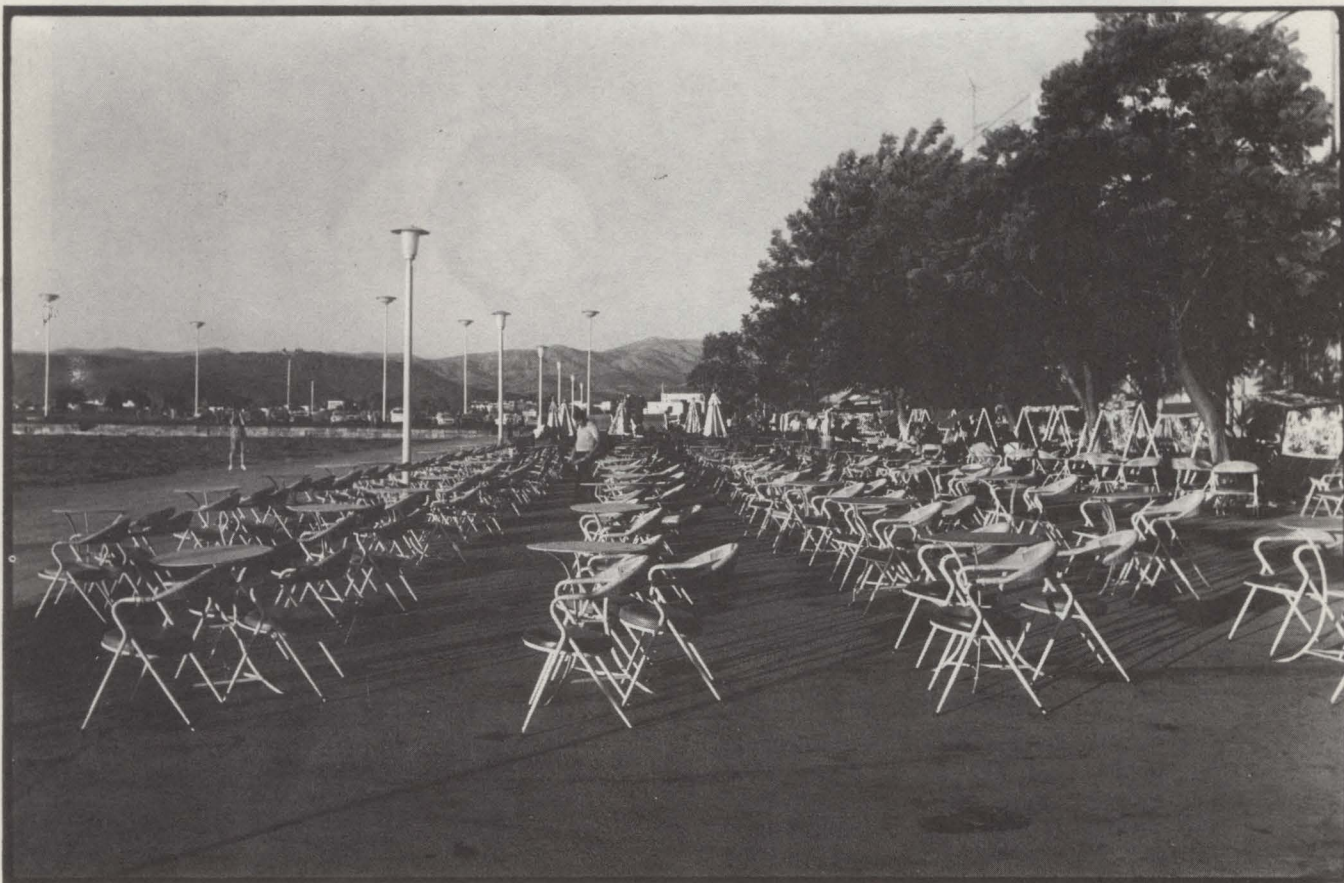
Walking

Walking. I've learned to love walking while being here at Alfred, probably because I'm forced to. Up the stairs, down the stairs, sidestep the puddles, or if the mood permits, kick my way through them. Taking icicles off the assembly line of gutters, hurling them like javelins, I watch them splinter as they hit the hard rock. Walking through the woods, I pull at the snow-laden saplings and watch the snow fall to the ground. Slipping as I step on wet branches that have fallen and been buried by last night's snowfall, I leave the woods and start the long climb up the open hillside. The wind coming with a new force tries to tug at my jacket. I pull my hat off and the wind plays havoc with my hair. I don't mind; I love to feel the wind. It blows the cobwebs out of my mind, that anthropology and the ancient history of Mesopotamia have put there. An Irish setter has followed me, sniffing at my hand. I nickname him "Red" because of his amber colored coat. My new friend and I reach the top of the hill. Red, in his seemingly aimless wanderings has traveled many more miles than I, but now we enjoy the view together. Alfred is snug in the valley; wisps of smoke spiral up, competing with the church steeple. Far off into the distance where the hills roll into each other, the sky is the color of goose down, gray tinged with blue, telltale streaks of pink. The wind is now at my back, pushing me as if it knows I have to get back for supper. Down through the woods, under the barbed wire fence and back into Alfred again.

Listening To Myself

Today the darkness prevailed over most things.
It threatened rain but nothing came of it.
The wind growled past open windows and
Scattered dry leaves on the road.
From across the field I could hear the
Plunging sound of a train pulling its empty load
Along the forgotten track of this
Isolated valley.
People exist here behind their doors, daring only to
Peek out window corners, but it leads me to wonder
If people exist in the rest of the world.
Of course they do, the crackling radio says
They do, an airplane proves they're there.
But I don't really want to think of them.
I want to watch the lambs playing.
I want to listen to the birds' song and the cars going by.
An easy conversation is unconcerned and welcomed.
I want to do nothing but close my eyes and hide
In my own world of sounds, to turn my mind
Away from the turmoils of the outer world and listen
To myself.

Kathryn A. Ross

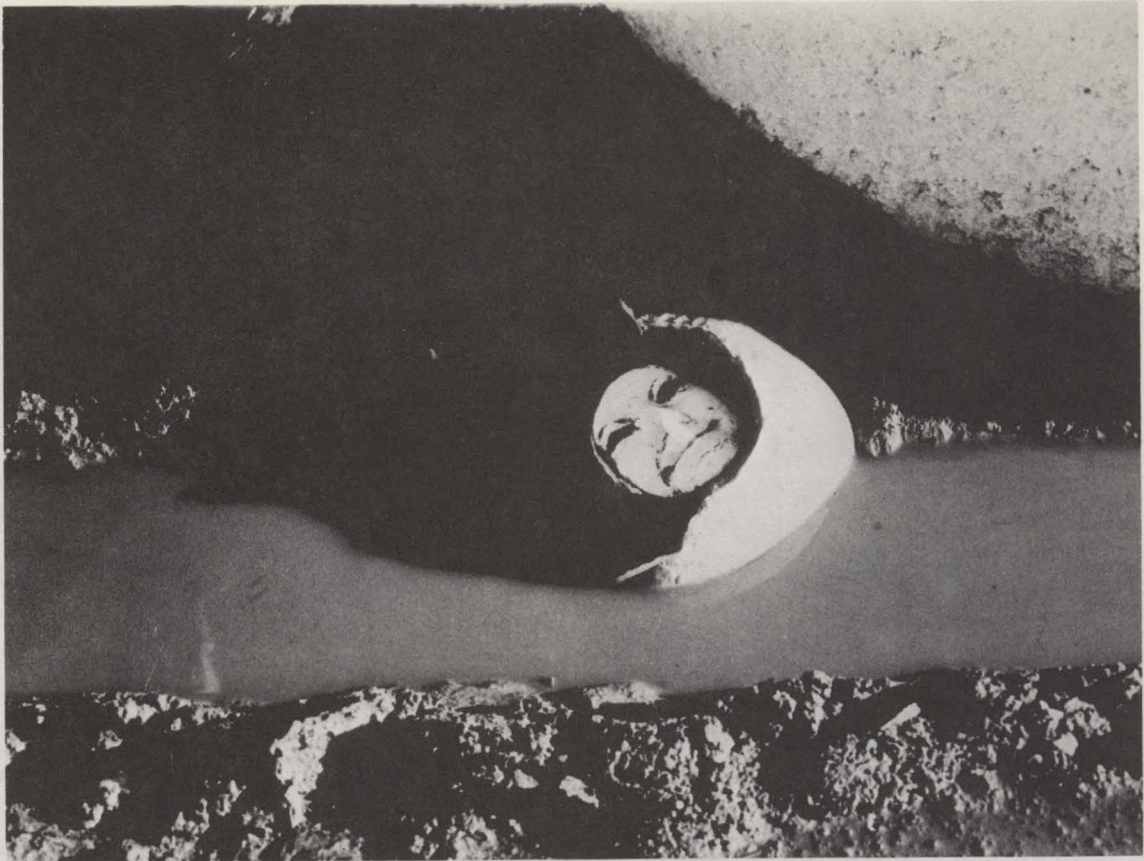


And Gessel kept for all that
Twe did not understand, and for
the Golden Orb that neither one
had found.

A heavy sigh penetrated to the
foundation of the earth, and the
stone came undone. Gessel cried
with all his soul's beauty and spirit,
as he flung his heart into the
ground.

A round golden sphere rose
from the ruins of the forest floor,
and slowly gained momentum until
it rested peacefully in the black
canopy above.

below when his heart with a
sigh of silver light
for both Twe and Gessel had
tried in the mystical path to the
Golden Orb, which the books said
could be found on the world's
highest peak. Both men knew that
the only way to this pinnacle was
through super-natural passages,
but Twe felt that payment could
be made, he could fit through the
labyrinth of his soul's eye, while
Gessel knew that the only way to
his orb was to expand and deepen
in rhythm with the universe.
So Twe swung through life,
studying these two mystical paths.
The forest's rhythms became one
with Gessel, and he grew lighter
spreading as he learned the songs
of the stars, one by one.
And Twe in turn contacted
until one day, Twe turned inside
out and perished.



The Golden Orb

Inside the forest that Gazeal loved and deepened with, the leaves were twinkling in the evening's blueness. Gazeal stood tall over his friend's grave. He felt as cold as gray marble, and the beloved moon cut his heart with a sliver of silver light.

Both Twis and Gazeal had tried to find the mystical path to the Golden Orb, which, the books said could be found on the world's highest peak. Both men knew that the only way to this pinnacle was through super-natural passages, but Twis felt that he must contract until he could fit through the diameter of his soul's eye, while Gazeal knew that the only way to this orb was to expand and deepen in rhythm with the universe.

So both swung through life, studying these two mystical paths. The forest's rhythms became one with Gazeal, and he grew, fingers spreading, as he learned the songs of the stars, one by one.

And Twis, in turn, contracted, until, one day, Twis turned inside out and perished.

Gazeal wept over the open grave that he had dug for his friend, and cried for all the light song that Twis had never sung. Twis would never hear the astringent harmonies of the incomprehensible, yet beautiful constellations, as they screamed from the sky, or the bittersweet tones of the leaves, when they discovered each autumn that their fate was to die. Twis would never hear the birth of babies, or the unknown agony of material stretched to cruel purposes.

And Gazeal wept for all that Twis did not understand, and for the Golden Orb that neither one had found.

A heavy sigh penetrated to the foundation of the earth, and the atoms came undone. Gazeal cried with all his soul's beauty and spirit, as he flung his heart into the ground.

A round golden sphere rose from the humus of the forest floor, and slowly gained momentum until it rested peacefully in the black canopy, above.

Hemlocks

Fall winds blow
turning us inside out
like dying embers we burn
brighter than mother fire
burning cold
turning with the wind
like hemlocks bending
while remembering sun.

Kathryn A. Ross

words come
like colors
placed on
canvas paper
moulding
forming to
my mood
until the
picture's finished
and signed

Kathryn A. Ross

I've known you for forever
I will never know you at all
yet
know you completely
from the beginning of time
You may be there.
yet
here with me you are
I am you are
I've known you completely forever
yet
know nothing at all.

Mj Costanza

Blue Flamer

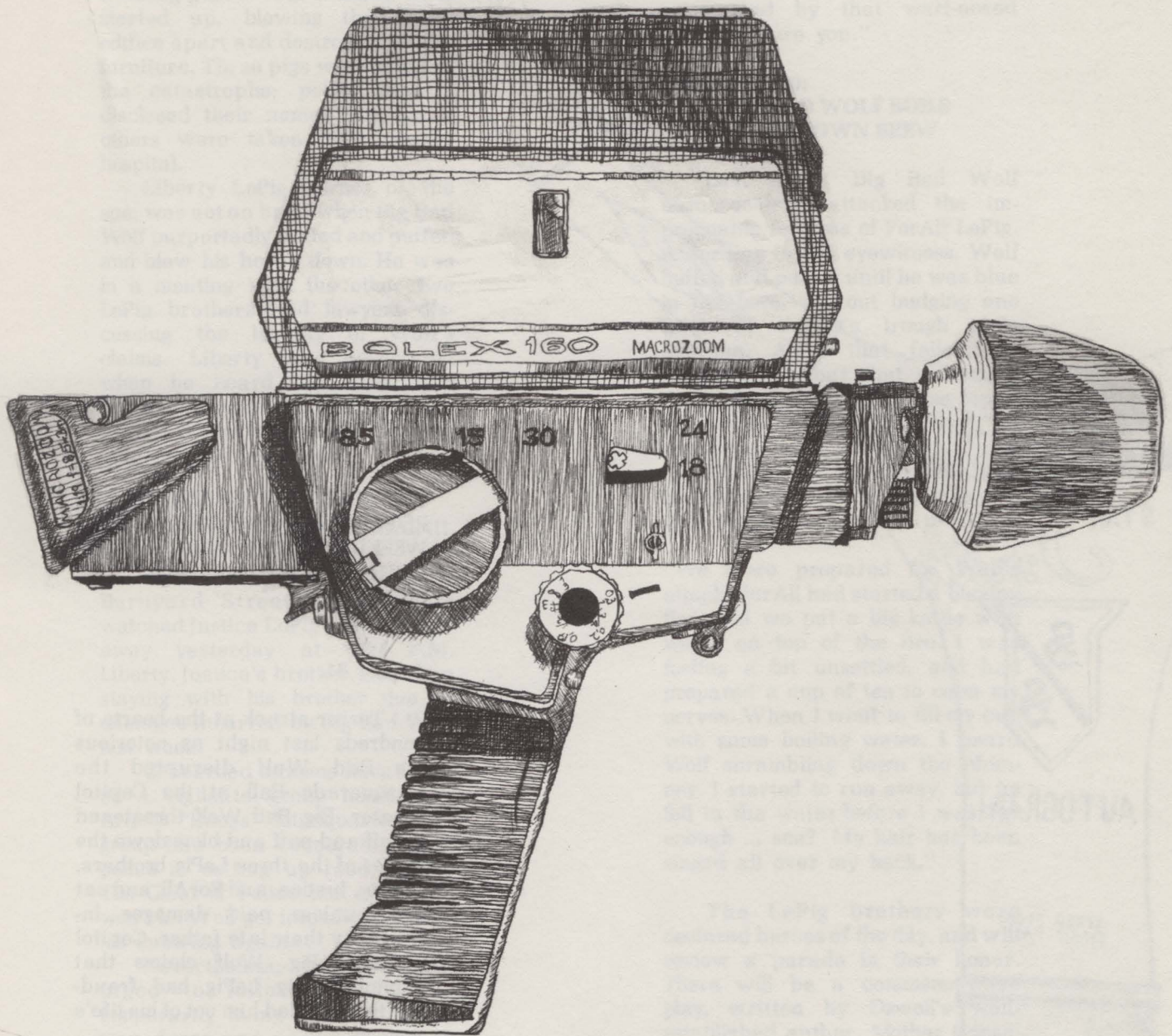
Tired and broken, like a cast-off pet
backed into a disused crate, one leg resting
on a tattered, pink-stained rug,
with blind eyes near a taped-up cardboard window,
he begged for a handout. His hands
were trapped as he squeezed from his tin shroud
a blinding stream, a bastard death.
Crashing down a road of hobo jungles
in darkness, clouded as by the kiss
of slum-bought crystal snow,
he was a fight-leaned, cornered poorhouse dog
panting for a second can of heat.
But love comes from pleasure, and Damn,
that old man, my friend, could sing.

Frank Bunke

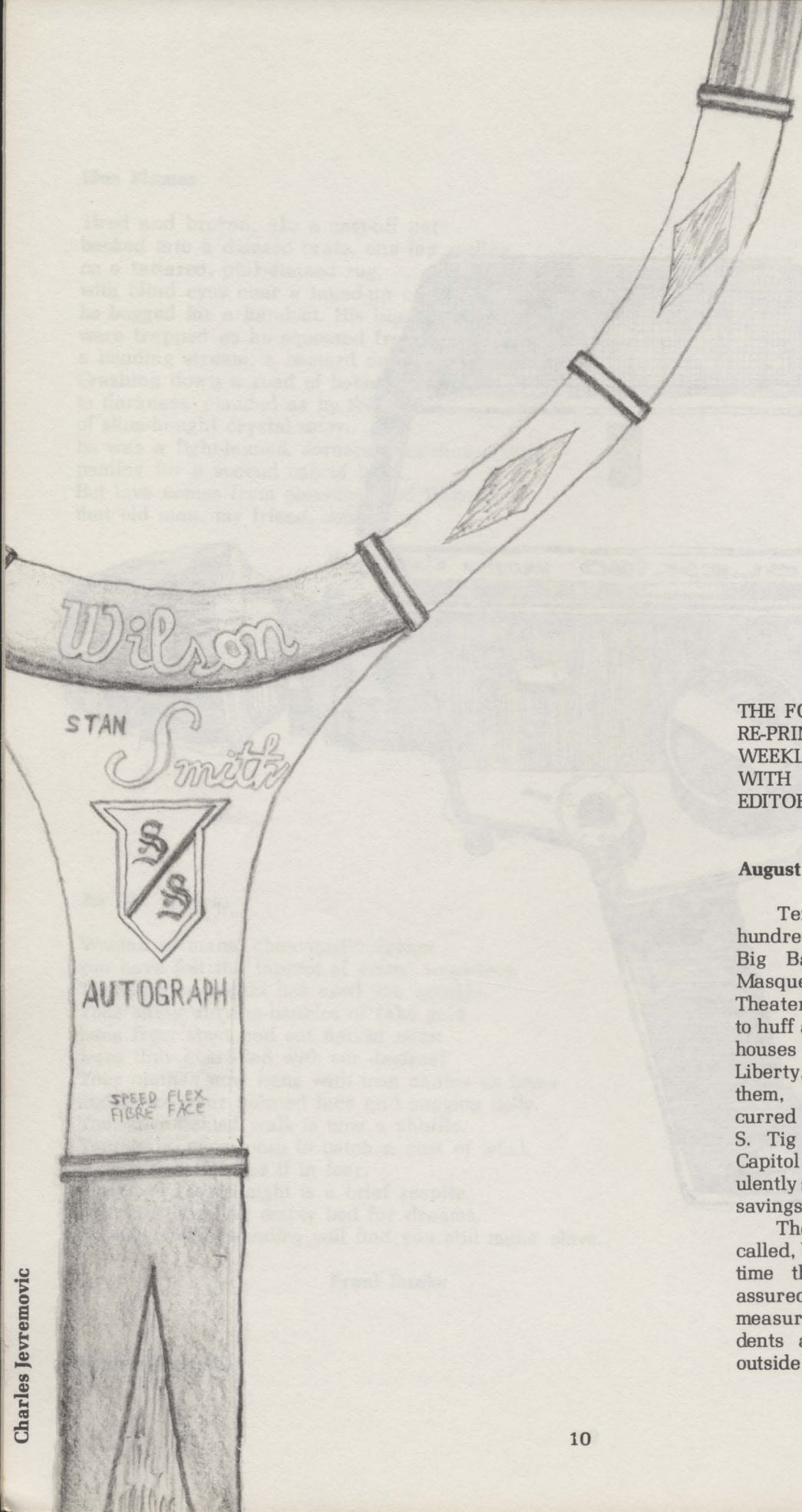
An Old Whore

Woman of mans' chauvinistic dream,
you have felt the taproot of mans' weakness.
That burden-weight has aged you quickly.
Your shiny earring-baubles of fake gold
hang from stretched out flaccid ears;
were they overfilled with our desires?
Your clothes now hang with iron chains as hems
and grace your painted face and sagging belly.
Your high-heeled walk is now a shuffle.
Your hair, once loose to catch a gust of wind,
is now tied tight as if in fear.
If all you seek tonight is a brief respite,
you shall have an empty bed for dreams,
but morning's pounding will find you still mans' slave.

Frank Bunke



Charles Jevremovic



THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES ARE
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WEEKLY SNOUT AND SNIFFER
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EDITORS

August 31:

Terror struck at the hearts of hundreds last night as notorious Big Bad Wolf disrupted the Masquerade Ball at the Capitol Theater. Big Bad Wolf threatened to huff and puff and blow down the houses of the three LePig brothers, Liberty, Justice, and ForAll, and eat them, unless paid damages incurred by their late father, Capitol S. Tig LePig. Wolf claims that Capitol S. Tig LePig had fraudulently swindled him out of his life's savings.

The Orwell County police were called, but Wolf disappeared by the time they arrived. Police have assured citizens that protective measures have been taken. Residents are advised against going outside unprotected after dark.

September 6:

BIG BAD WOLF STRIKES!!

Yesterday, at approximately 3:15 P.M., Liberty's Love Farm was destroyed, presumably by Big Bad Wolf. According to one eyewitness, a strong gust of foul smelling wind started up, blowing the straw edifice apart and destroying all the furniture. Three pigs were killed in the catastrophe; police haven't disclosed their names yet. Seven others were taken to a nearby hospital.

Liberty LePig, owner of the spa, was not on hand when Big Bad Wolf purportedly huffed and puffed and blew his house down. He was in a meeting with the other two LePig brothers and lawyers discussing the legality of Wolf's claims. Liberty was devastated when he heard the news, and refused to make any comment. He will be living with brother Justice until repairs are made.

September 13:

BIG BAD WOLF STRIKES AGAIN!!

Terror struck the hearts of Barnyard Street as residents watched Justice LePig's house blow away yesterday at 4:00 P.M. Liberty, Justice's brother, had been staying with his brother due to damages incurred by Big Bad Wolf last week.

Concerned citizens have formed a vigilante group headed by Arnold "Bacos" Hindquarter. The group has been cooperating with police in setting up road blocks. The Chief of Police has sworn he won't let Wolf get into town without his knowing again.

Nevertheless, residents are urged to follow the curfew temporarily being enforced. Lock your doors and windows, and no pig should be out after sundown.

Luckily, no one was hurt in the catastrophe. Liberty was reported to be under sedatives. Both Liberty and Justice will be staying with brother ForAll. All three brothers expressed confidence that Big Bad

Wolf will be caught. Says ForAll: "I'm too damned smart to be outsmarted by that wart-nosed wolf, I assure you."

September 20:

**BIG BAD WOLF BOILS
IN HIS OWN BREW**

Last night, Big Bad Wolf unsuccessfully attacked the impregnable fortress of ForAll LePig. According to one eyewitness, Wolf huffed and puffed until he was blue in the face, without budging one brick of ForAll's trough style mansion. After that failed, he cleared the moat that surrounds the house and jumped up on top of the roof and down the chimney. He was never seen alive again.

The rest of the story was told by Justice LePig in an interview he gave to members of the press:

"We were prepared for Wolf's attack; ForAll had started a blazing fire, and we put a big kettle with water on top of the fire. I was feeling a bit unsettled, and had prepared a cup of tea to calm my nerves. When I went to fill my cup with some boiling water, I heard Wolf scrambling down the chimney. I started to run away, but he fell in the water before I was far enough ... see? My hair has been singed all over my back."

The LePig brothers were declared heroes of the day, and will review a parade in their honor. There will be a commemorative play, written by Orwell's well-established author, Mother Goose. Other festivities include a Wolf Soup cooking contest. All are invited to celebrate with Liberty, Justice, and ForAll.

Joan A. Rothstein

Wolf will be caught, says Forall.
"I'm too damned smart to be
convinced by that wretched
wolf, I assure you."

September 20
BAD AND WOLF BORN
BY HIS OWN BROTHER

Last night, Big Bad Wolf
unsuccessfully attacked the im-
mortal fortress of Forall Wolf.
According to one eyewitness, Wolf
gained entrance to the house and
was seen to be face without making use
of Forall's rough side.
After that, Wolf, he
said, the house that entrance
he had, and jumped up to go to
the back door, but he changed his
mind and went to the front.

The rest of the story, which
by Justice Wolf in an interview is
given in summary of the press.

We were prepared for Wolf's
attack, Forall had started a plan
and we put a big hole in the
roof, on top of the front door.
Wolf, he crawled and ran
towards a cup of tea to come to
me. When I went to fill my cup,
he was looking water. I heard
him screaming down the stairs.
I started to run away, but he
was in the kitchen. I was
enough. Wolf, his hair had been
cut off over his back.

The Wolf's brothers were
killed because of today and will
be a good thing. Wolf's
will be a good thing.
written by Wolf's
killed brother, Wolf's
On the other hand, a Wolf
killed brother, Wolf's
killed brother, Wolf's

John A. Wolfson

September 20
BAD AND WOLF BORN

Yesterday, at approximately
2:15 P.M., Liberty's Love Lane was
destroyed, presumably by Big Bad
Wolf. According to one eyewitness,
Wolf, a strong gust of wind blowing from
the street, started up, blowing the straw
off the roof and destroying all the
furniture. The place was filled in
the catastrophe; police haven't
checked their names yet. Seven
others were taken to a nearby
hospital.

Liberty Lane, owner of the
age, was not on hand when Big Bad
Wolf purportedly hit and pulled
and blew his house down. He was
in a meeting with the other two
Laffy brothers and lawyers the
owner, the legality of Wolf's
claim. Liberty Lane, however,
when he heard the news and
immediately wrote and announced the
fact, living with brother Justice
and separate air mail.

September 20
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BY HIS OWN BROTHER

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Andy Baxter

Sweet Things Sometimes

Sweet things sometimes go bad.
They rot and decay
Like a dead body
Which after twenty years
Of static perfection
Makes love with worms.
Even that smile,
So fixed,
Disappears at the end.

Sweet things sometimes get bitter.
They get sour and rancid
Like the taste in your mouth
The morning after,
And long after the first innocent kisses
Turn into stabs of pain and spite.
The wine glasses no longer meet in sweet silence
But break and splinter in the air
And resound with the stale smell of whiskey.

Sweet things sometimes fade.
The steam from boiling water
Reaches and finds your breath.
Like the years you tried to make things work
That are now just gone.
You look in the mirror
And see the parched prune skin.
Youth's white geyser, gone.
And you need time to yourself.

Stephanie D. Lazar

Her Eyes

Her eyes were icy chips
That burned holes in her head
And formed crystal panes at the mouth
Which frosted and became opaque,
So that she was enclosed
In an icy forming cell
Of prison frost,
That numbed her soul,
And kept her from ever knowing warmth,
Which kept her very well preserved
In her old age.

Louise Block

The Moon Of Many Colors

We sat around a lazy fire last fall, I think it was late October. The coldness surrounded the four of us as we snuggled into our heavy woolen blankets, each one seated across from another. I was with my brother and father, but the fourth member of our party was not well known to me. He was a friend of my father's, whom I had not seen since I was an infant, and my memory of him was too vague to even mention. As we sipped our warm cider and gazed at the stars my brother proposed an interesting question. He asked: with all the objects around us, how was it that something so perfect as the circle should come into existence? My eyes, as well as my brother's rested on my father as usual after any perplexing problem is posed. But then we found ourselves following his focus to his friend, who smiled back with friendly satisfaction. The answer was left in his possession. He glanced at the sky and then began his reply.

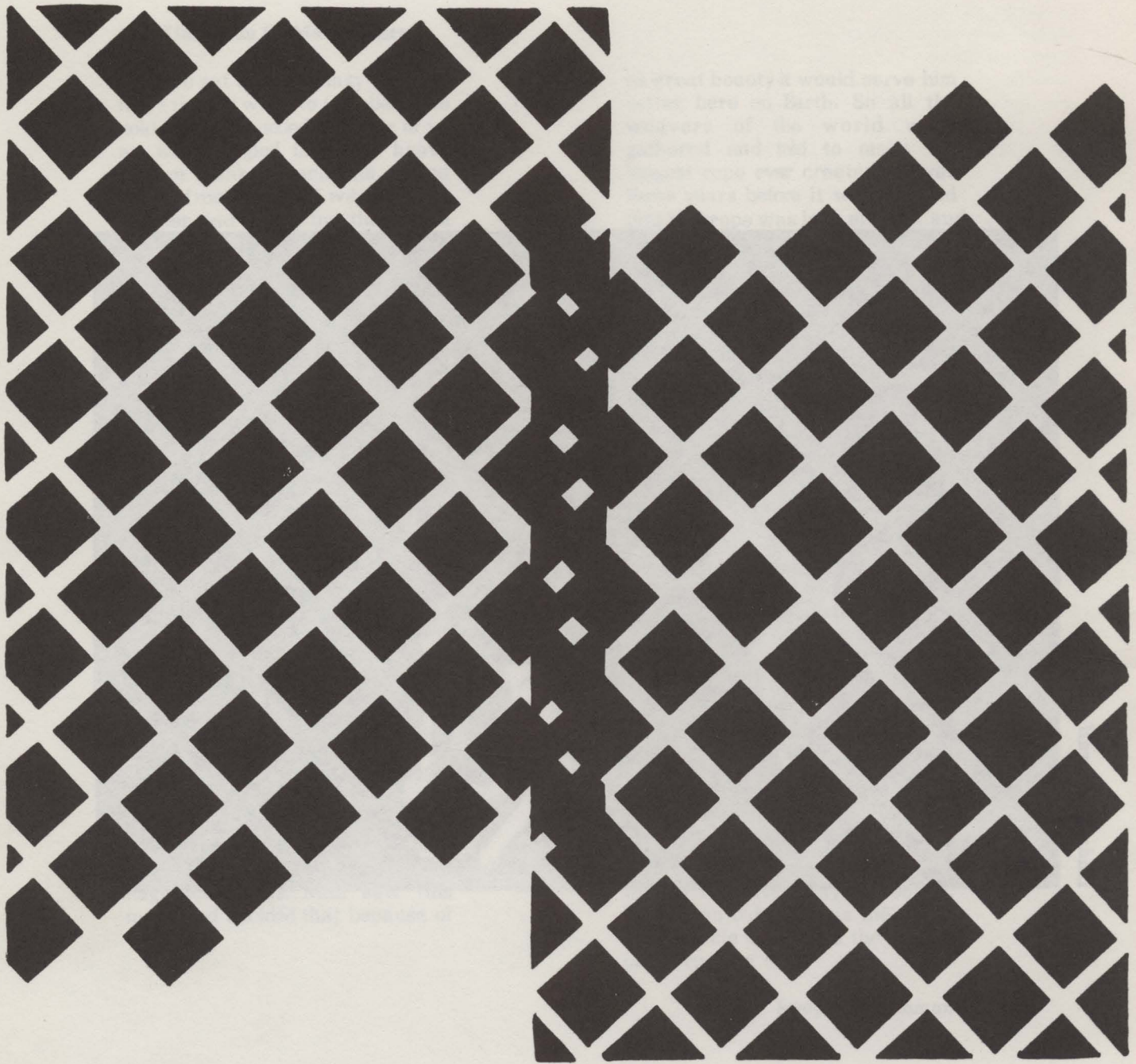
Once, long ago, when man looked up to the nighttime sky he saw two moons. One was the white sphere we have now, however, the other moon was not white, but had the light of many colors which made the night shine with magnificent rays. Man saw this moon and decided that because of

its great beauty it would serve him better here on Earth. So all the weavers of the world were gathered and told to make the longest rope ever created. It was three years before it was decided that this rope was long enough, and when it finally was, the ten strongest men from all the lands were gathered. Taken to the highest mountain, they took one end of this rope and threw it up and around this magnificent multi-colored moon. They pulled with all their might, but this moon was insistent upon staying out there. Finally, they were able to bring it closer and closer until it began to come so fast, that the men no longer needed to pull anymore. Soon the people of the world saw that this moon of many colors was coming so fast, that they had to flee its path. The moon crashed through the Earth's surface leaving a perfect circle in the ground. Man had just enough time to see this circle before the waters from under, came rushing out and covered most of the Earth's surface. So, because of man's greed, he lost the brilliant colors of the nighttime sky, and was left only with its blackness. Many of his favorite lands were covered by water, permitting only the continents we have today to remain. What man did gain was the vision of the circle just before the waters came rushing out.

Joseph S. Bachman

Linda Updergraff





Dawn Haynes

Letter To Hugh O'Neill

[1545-1615]

1.

If Ireland is shaped like a hand,
Kinsale points toward Spain
The way fingers reach to escape
The body. Coming from Ulster,
The wild wrist, you landed
On these cliffs in the morning
And lost a battle. You were dressed
In colors that startled the rain.
An old woman predicted your victory,
And, like any politician, you doubted
Following you, young soldiers
Ignored your limp, and chatted softly
As you prayed to the crescent moon.
The English waited in Kinsale;
The Spanish missed your signals.

2.

You lost at the Battle of Kinsale.
On a rented bicycle, I slid down a hill
That must have been muddy for you. A castle
In the shape of a broken walnut shell
Sat by the lighthouse. Seagulls hit
Their beaks on the cliffs; the grass
Was thick with rotted wool. How slippery
This place was made when a surprise
Attack left the air silent with unsent
Messages. I wish you had slid into the
Ocean then; it cheered for you. I thought
That I too should jump from the cliffs,
Into an ocean that has no country,
And has never lost a battle.

Rosy Liggett



Julie Melko



Sylvia Frucht

TEARS DID NOT FALL
FOR A RELATIONSHIP THAT
NEVER WAS BETWEEN
A BOY WITH A BANJO AND
A
SILLY
GIRL
WITH A DREAM.

TEARS
LATER
FELL
FOR A RELATIONSHIP THAT
IS
BETWEEN A MAN WHO
PRETENDS TO HAVE A
HEART OF STONE AND
A WOMAN WHO KNOWS
IT ISN'T.

Linda A. Carl

picnic

long carride in the back seat
watching hills and clouds and sky
we get there holding hands
in the green and the sunshine
climbing treeroots to the top
where the caves are
and crawl excited into the darkness
and dampness until frightened
enough to get back to the sun
we race along cliffs
laughing soft moss goodness
down the hill to the lake
where fish pursue a flower
floating by with curiosity
we built a fire with the branches
we pulled down and quite frequently
got splinters from beside
a creek where snakes hid
and stopped in a cabin
for awhile maybe to rest
or just to test each other
like we promised we wouldn't
a day before when
we were still friends
looking forward to
a warm park on a good day.

Beth Spinks

Eye level
to the patent leather lake
veiling my stroking fingers
in water skin.

Ryan is tilt-nosed
and eartuned to
my rippling body
sliding through waterspace.

Lying
on a silver slip of cool
the surface of the liquid.

And gliding
around the knife formed
lines of a small ship
with the smudge clouds behind:
There is a painting here.

Julie Melko



Francey Posner

